

I'm a dick, I'm addicted to you by Catharrington

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Summary:

Billy's recovering, he would call it that. Not living, per-say— just. Just recovering. He wishes he could go back to how it was. Who he was. Wishes he could come out of the 4th of July maybe even a little better. A little more Billy Hargrove. And maybe, Steve Harrington is the place to look.

I'm a dick, I'm addicted to you

Author's Note:

Second time writing bottom Billy let's go lol. A little recovery fucking after season 3. I tagged violence because I do describe what happened to Billy. And his recovery. So a little twinge of violence. But I swear this this just PWP mostly baby!!! I hope y'all enjoy and please leave a kudos and comment if ya do!!!☐☐

The 4th of July changed Billy Hargrove. Mostly for the better, lots of people comment their two cents, but not in any way that really mattered. Not in the way Billy wished it would.

Billy had hoped, sitting up in his hospital bed, surrounded by white sheets and white bandages and white walls and the mind numbing blinking white light of his heart rate, it would make him realize the important things in life. Would make him understand what his father had told him: that what mattered was growing up, settling down.

He wished he had actually died on the floor of fucking Starcourt Mall before coming back to life. Maybe he could of been reborn with the want to lay a girl down and put a baby inside her. Just maybe, his head could have gotten knocked around enough to rattle the parasite of gay thoughts loose. To fix him.

Instead, all Billy could think of as he sat up right in his hospital bed was how pretty Steve Harrington's hair looked grown out.

How Steve's fingers were long and his palms were wide, and as he listens to the collection of brats and doctors littered around the room he lifts his thumb to chew on his nail bed. Barely hiding a smile. The back of his hand is soft to the touch looking, but under the skin flexes muscles and veins that Billy's burning with acid to touch.

Billy lifts his hand in a mirror of Steve's own. Pushing his thumb against his chapped bottom lip. Wishing he was doing it to hide a fond smile and not to imagine filthy things.

The shuffling movement of the IV-drip tube made Steve's attention turn. Made him blink those huge, brown eyes towards Billy in a question. Like he cares if Billy shifted around in the bed. Like if he were uncomfortable or needing something, Steve would rise to the occasion.

Billy grinned at that. Steve rising to the occasion. He let his sore face split in a grin. The bandages on his cheek bone folding with the movement.

The pad of his thumb now hit against his teeth that were fully bared on display. He pressed his skin to the sharpest part of his canine, wanted to split it open to show Steve a little of his insides, grinned wider thinking about it.

Steve's cheeks flushed pink. His eyes blinked rapid again, but this time in surprise.

His absentminded chewing forgotten so he could spread out his fingers to cover his face. How unfair it was, to have those perfect fingers scrub at his blushing cheek as if he could stop it.

The little curly haired boy said something then, something Billy wasn't paying attention to. But it took Steve's eyes from him, made him look back down at the hoard of children prattling on. Away from Billy.

So Billy opens his mouth and puts his thumb in his mouth. Bites down hard, wills himself to calm down, until that flashing light goes back to normal. And his hand drops with a thunk.

"Harrington," he still calls him.

"Hey! Harrington!" is what usually gets his pretty boy's attention.

Steve stops and spins, his dorky backpack he insisted on bringing to their hike bouncing with the movement. The hike the doctors insisted would be good for Billy's muscle re-build, and the fresh air good for his chewed up lungs.

A week of laying in bed after tens of different surgeries left him weaker than the tentacles ripping through his chest. Physical therapy

was the current mountain Billy was climbing.

But as it turns out, Indiana's in the middle of nowhere, and people have taken the damn time to put up signs all around their creepy forests. Dug little walk ways into the floor with sand and pieces of wood to show trails. Turns out, maybe some of the hills and natural streams and waterfalls are breathtakingly beautiful.

He is standing in the middle of the trail, surveying out across a forest so green it looks like it's breathing, and catches Steve looking back.

Billy's thoughts stop like a freight train folding car over car into itself with how much more beautiful the sweat gathering at the top of Steve's forehead is than any tree ever could.

"Let's take a break, right through there," Billy said rather than asking. Throwing his hand in the air to motion off the trail, between a the line of trees he was surveying, towards where a large trunk had fallen down.

Steve follows his motion, his lips pursing slightly in thought. Billy hated how big his top lip got, how nice it would be to suck into his mouth. To bite down on that prissy pout.

"Yeah, no," Steve sighed. "It's not good to go off the path, Bill. You remember what the information signs said? Wild animals! Just, I'm sure there's a bench up the trail—,"

Billy rolled his eyes, kicking his motorcycle boots into the padded down dust of the trail.

"If I'm going to agree to go on these lame ass nature walks with you, Harrington," Billy hissed his name, reminding him of it, "it should at least be on my terms!"

"Uh, what the hell, man? This was your idea?" Steve's eyebrows were furrowed together, he looked so damn cute. So damn confused. As he plopped his hands down on his waist to emphasize his words. "Yeah, you're exact words were 'take me here so I don't have to do indoor physical therapy again, Steve, please oh please!'"

"Hey!" Billy yelled, but it was spoiled with a laugh, "I don't

remember saying please!”

“Oh yeah, it went something like: ‘help me, Steve Kenobi! You’re my only hope!’ I’m pretty sure?” Steve did his best damsel in distress voice, pitching it high, before that fluttered out with a giggle.

Billy growled, turning on his heel so he didn’t have to watch more of that cute laugh.

“I didn’t beg like that!” He demanded as he stomped off into the trees. His boots leaving the dirt to properly crunch into fallen branches and leaves. “And you can either keep acting like a prissy bitch, or chaperone me good and proper— over here!”

Billy cleared away a hanging branch, moving the flora over so he can see better into the clearing with the fallen log. He turned over his shoulder to wink back at Steve.

“Gonna leave me out here to get mauled to death, Princess?” He sneered.

Walking backwards, more sticks cracking under his boots. Billy smirks as Steve’s face plays a little game of decisions. Flicking between frowning and grimacing.

Finally, Steve settles on pursing his lips again. Those petal shaped lips sticking out so damn far, so damn perfect, Billy can’t help but want to lick his own lips. He mirrors the action as Steve follows, lifting the flora aside in the same way.

They reach the turned down log all too quickly. Billy plops down on it with as much force as he could handle. It hurts his ass a little, the bark, but he only groans out long and low.

He settles with his palms down flat on the log so he can lean backwards. Kick his feet out. And let his head hang limp down his shoulders. His neck feels so good stretching out. The scars running up and down his body from the Mind Flayer stretch with him and that’s a breath of fresh air.

Steve steps up next to him. His hands coming down to land on his trim hips, cocked to one side. He’s standing right next to the log,

acting as if he stood too close he was going to catch something.

“There’s space,” Billy mutters out.

Steve shakes his head. His eyes flicking all around the woods, left to right, lingering on the foliage they didn’t come from. The part of the woods they have yet to traverse. “I’m fine,” he grits out.

And Billy gets it. He gets not wanting to be vulnerable. Boy, does he get not wanting to be caught off guard— again, and dragged to Hell — again. He wouldn’t wish it for anyone.

But he’s not off guard. He’s with one of the toughest guys in Hawkins. The King.

And it’s day time, noon if he were to guess. Sunlight is streaming down from the green leaves around them and casting everything in a lime and orange glow. He can see the dancing pollen from the flowers under Steve’s feet catching in their beams. He can hear little chirping noises from all the annoying birds fluttering around and above them.

Billy isn’t scared. He feels much more safe here, with Steve, than he did even in his hospital bed.

“You ain’t fine,” Billy states, “and you ain’t gotta be so worried all the damn time, pretty boy. What are you going to do if you get grey hairs?”

Steve whips his head to face him. His grimace flicking up on one side into a smile. “You seriously think that’s what I would be upset about? Grey hairs?”

“Sure, all those looks going down the drain, wouldn’t that be the worst ever thing to happen to Hawkins’ elite ruling class?” Billy lifted one hand to count on his fingers, “first grey hair, then it starts falling down the drain, then you get fat—,”

“Man, that’s not what I’m worried about!” Steve snaps at him. Shutting Billy up. Making his mouth snap closed with a click.

Billy looked up at Steve as he took a step closer. As he tried to loom

above Billy before he made a point, but Billy wasn't truly listening.

Steve swallows thickly. His jeans make noise as he sways side to side on his feet. "That's not what keeps me awake at night, Bill. That's not — I mean. I just can't let it happen again. Okay? Not to Will. Not to you. Jesus, you should know more than anyone." Steve let his words trail off with a sigh.

His hair, wet with sweat, flopping down into his face as he bows his head.

Billy moves sideways on the log, pulling his legs over it so he straddling the length. Pulling his denim covered ass over the bark so he scoots closer to Steve. Close enough to lift one hand and pet it down the front of Steve's Levi's.

That catches Steve's attention. Makes his eyes flick back upwards in a startled shock. It's adorable, if Billy's being honest. And he feels a lot more honest than he's ever felt in a long time.

"Nightmares got you stressed out, pretty boy?" Billy whispers lowly.

His intentions clear, crystal fucking clear as he moves his hand back up Steve's pants to play along the stitching of his pocket.

"Wanna," he lets his eyes linger on the movement. Then turns to look into Steve's eyes. Maintaining that eye contact, keeping it, as he swipes his tongue across his lips. He gets to see the way Steve's eyes follow the movement.

"Wanna let out a little stress?"

Steve's face drops a little. He looks serene, concerned. "Bill," he huffs out. "What?"

Billy's other hand came up too, wrapping his stocky fingers around the back of Steve's knee before dragging his palm up. Up to the swell of his ass.

Steve let out a sharp gasp, his body swaying unevenly, but he didn't take a step backwards. Didn't reach down and stop Billy's hands as they explored.

His eyes nervously flicked from the length of Billy's arm as it disappeared behind his thigh, up to his devious eyes narrowed and wanting. Chocolate brown color swimming with questions, with worry, but he never fucking reached to stop it.

"You're not being serious?" Steve asked out loud. His whisper-like voice soft as if begging.

Billy simply shrugged, his mind already made up, as he leaned farther forward. The log was the perfect height to sit between Steve's perfect legs. Got him directly eye level with those tight, cyan blue Levi jeans.

He had his mind made up the second he walked into Hawkins and saw their King. His mind was made up even before Steve played hard to get, then showed back up in the hospital with furrowed brows and a gentle smile on his pretty face as if they've always been friends.

If Billy wasn't already so sure, then that would have done it for him. In reality, it just reminded him how much he wanted Steve.

It reminded him how little time he had to show it.

"Serious as the Mind Flayer," Billy replied in a chuckling laugh. His words muffled slightly as he used his front teeth to slowly pull down Steve's jeans zipper.

"Bil—," Steve's worried voice melted into a little whimper, the ending of his name trailing off into a moan that could hardly pass as a, "—lyyy!"

Because anything Steve was going to say got stopped short by Billy licking his tongue up one fat stripe of his briefs. Leaving the cotton wet and clinging to the shape of his cock already so hard. Billy gave another lick, cupping the shape this time. Loving the way the flat of his tongue could map the shaft.

"So, we're really doing this." Steve sounded breathless already as he let his backpack hit the ground.

The statement was worded as if he were defeated, talked into, coerced, but his delivery was excitement. A breathy low thing from

the back of his throat that was just as pretty, just as handsome as Steve himself was.

Billy lifted his hands from exploring the shape of Steve's ass through his jeans, to work his cock out his briefs even faster. Pulling at the open fly hard enough to rip it. And then using his teeth again to pull down that half soaked through hindrance.

Billy chased Steve's cock as it bounced out his pants, catching the swollen mushroom head with pursed lips. Kissing it into submission, until it stood still long enough for Billy to kiss it proper.

"Ahh!" Steve exhaled, his voice again more of a whimper than a word. His shaky hands lifted to curl around the mess of Billy's hair. Petting through the tangled curls grown longer with time, petting with those long fingers and wide palms so unfair and perfect.

So gently. It was driving Billy insane.

He unhinged his jaw until he heard a pop, then swallowed Steve down until he could feel the tickle of his pubic hair. He buried his nose into the hair, darker than that on Steve's head, and it smelt better too.

Billy let his eyes flutter closed as he relaxed his tongue. He could feel the way Steve's cock filled out fully inside his mouth. When he curled his tongue again to caress the underside, when he hollowed out his cheeks to suck good and hard on the shaft, he could feel it pulse. Feel it give into to how good Steve felt.

Steve whimpered above him, gripping Billy's hair in fists as he nearly bent in half.

The tip of his cock milked out precum. Short, cute little bursts that landed on the back of Billy's tongue. His pallet would be ruined for the day, bitter and sour, always tasting of Steve's cum.

Billy leaned his head back. Pulling so Steve's cock head cupped inside his tongue perfectly. He stuck out his tongue and begged for more of that taste. Pleased to be ruined, to be marked.

Steve's hands in his hair had other ideas. He used the curls in his fist

to pull Billy off.

“Hold on,” he gasped out. Catching his breath as he comes down from his high. Comes back from the edge.

Billy’s lips curl over his small canine teeth. He wants to lean forward, kiss up the side of Steve’s long shaft until he’s whimpering for more. Then give it to him by swallowing that wet with saliva mushroom head again. Suck it hard, and fast, until Steve can’t keep from coming down Billy’s throat.

But he also had other ideas. He also came prepared.

“Yeah,” Billy drawled out as he reached back into his pocket, pulling out a square foil he ripped open with his snarl-bared teeth. “Really should wrap. Don’t know where you’ve been, King.”

Steve kept gasping out for breath, trying to steady himself as Billy rolled the latex over his sensitive cock. Pushing the ring all the way to the bottom of his shaft, pumping it a few times just to keep him pretty and breathless.

With the condom on, Billy turned to fish inside the deep pocket of his Levi’s jacket. He had kept a small bottle of lotion close by, snagged from the room of his physical therapist. Said to be really good on his scars. Made with all different types of oils and no irritating perfumes.

Sure, Billy guessed it felt good on the lightening strike patterns across his chest and sides. But he knew it felt really good when he opened himself up on three fingers this morning.

Billy stuck the bottle between his lips as he reached down to work on his belt and fly. The jingling of the metal seemed to be the trick to snap Steve back to paying attention.

“Wha,” Steve looked so cute as he stuttered out, “Bill, you’re being seriously—“

“I don’t do shit half-assed, Harrington,” Billy growled. Turning over his shoulder, he ran his finger across his hole. His fingers slipped over the wetness of his crack easily, pulling once against the still swollen and open rim.

“You’re being greedy,” Steve finished with a huff.

Billy couldn’t see him, as he was bent over his shoulder, but he heard Steve as he leaned forward. Those pretty, long fingers snatched the lotion bottle right out his fist. While the other, with a maddeningly precise slowness, curled over Billy’s own hand. Ran his finger right along beside his. Pushed the tip of his short fingernail against Billy’s slick rim.

Exhaling a sigh of pleasure, Billy let his head tilt backwards on his shoulders. His eyes fall closed.

“Good job, here,” Billy felt a full body shiver from those words as they come out of Steve’s mouth. As he says them so softly. Like a whisper just for him.

“Gonna need some more lube though, or it’s going to hurt,” Steve commented. Those long fingers sliding down to the bottle of lotion Billy’s still got tucked against his palm. Billy, with his eyes still closed and blissed out, heard the bottle cap open. Felt the slickness of the chilly lotion as a fat glob slid along Steve’s fingers.

He pressed in two this time. Sinking them up until his mid knuckles, wet and warm and easy.

“Fu-fuck, Harrington,” Billy rolled his tongue deliriously. Pressing his ass back into the fingers as they spread out, widening him in a maddeningly slow pace.

Steve was taking his damn time. It made Billy delirious just thinking about it. How soft he always felt, how taken care of, at the hands of this guy who didn’t owe him shit. Who shouldn’t even talk to him.

Steve was there, at his side during Starcourt. In the hospital room.

And now he was sliding a third finger in, totally dripping with cold to the touch lube. His tips brushed against the bundle of nerves with such a casual ease it made Billy’s heart flutter. He felt it up in his throat. Made his whole body shiver.

“Gonna make me cum with just those fingers, pretty boy,” Billy gasped out. “Put it in would ya? I’m good and ready.”

Steve breathed out a laugh. He leaned forward, bracing his fingers still drilling into Billy's ass so his palm could curl over his cheek. Leaned over Billy's taught back. Exhaled so his breath ticked the back of his sweaty neck.

"Think I've never fucked a girl in the ass, Hargrove?" He whispers, the feeling of his breath is so intoxicating— and it's making Billy feel drunk. "I know it can hurt. I want it to be good for you."

"Fuck," Billy's breath hitched.

Steve finally pulled his fingers out. There was just the shaky inhale of a moment before he felt the glossy head of Steve's cock wrapped in the condom. It kissed against his hole for only a second, before pushing in.

It felt like the breath was being pushed from his chest, his whole body making room for Steve's cock by taking all his oxygen away. And when he tried to gasp more down, his body didn't want to work. Billy screwed his eyes shut and opened his mouth.

Could feel how Steve bottomed out in him. Felt the way Steve's hips went flush to the back of his ass. His thick pubic hair tickled against Billy's ass cheeks, even if they were just as wet and sticky as the rest of them.

Could even feel the hairs on his chest as Steve stayed leaned over his back. The breathing in his ear was just as shaky as Billy's, at least he ain't alone in that.

"Gotta," Steve sighed out, trying to gather himself, "give me a second. Sorry."

Billy somehow refrained from guffawing, or rolling his eyes. He couldn't help but move his hips so Steve dug deeper into his ass, though. Lifting his leg higher up on the overturned log they were fucking over so that Steve's cock felt even more intrusive inside.

It felt like it was pressing into his stomach. It was amazing.

"Last girl you fucked was Nancy, though, huh?" Billy couldn't stop the prattle as it came out. His mouth getting a little loose as he feels

his stomach building up his release.

Steve sucked in a couple greedy breaths, then gave an affirmative grunt. Still just trying to catch his breath in the tight heat of Billy's ass.

"Ahh," Billy chuckled. "Makes sense then. You haven't gotten any in a while. And even worse, that priss must 'a felt like sandpaper for a pussy."

"Shut up," Steve groaned back his reply, the flighty tone of laughter hidden in the shivering pleasure taking over. The vibrations felt so damn good through Billy's over-heated body.

Pulling back, his cock dragging wet and hot over the tightness of Billy's rim, before pushing back in, Steve starts moving. Only an inch, only to start.

But, damn, Steve's cock was perfect. It felt like Billy's breath was condensed down to the feeling of that cock working in and out of his body. His shallow little thrusts picking up each time. Pulling out longer, pushing back in deeper. Churning up his insides in the best damn way.

Billy could only gasp out shallow, long breaths, that had him loosing his mind.

Steve's body fell farther forward as his hips fell into a shaky rhythm. His lips hovered right over the back of the scruff of Billy's neck. He could feel his breath hot and sticky and alive right there.

More than anything, Billy wishes Steve would bite down. Mark him up a little.

Then, Steve's cock pushed up against that bundle of nerves with one mean thrust. It drove Billy higher up on the log. Making his whole, sweating and panting body do a lurch.

Steve, in all his desperate fucking, wasn't about to let him off so easy. He moved one hand off Billy's hip to grip around the very top of his thigh. Where his leg bent to straddle the log, where his muscles folded to meet his hip bones. Steve gripped the meat of Billy's leg

with a meanness, a vigorous strength that had Billy's heart fluttering around fondly in his chest.

Those pretty boy long fingers are going to leave Steve shaped bruises on his sensitive skin. And Billy can't fucking wait to see them.

"Oh, fuck yeah, pretty boy," Billy's words leapt from his throat with the repetitive thrusts of Steve's cock. "Fuck me right there, knew 'ya had it in 'ya—,"

"You always talk this much?" Steve demanded in a strained tone. His neck must be flushed red, throbbing with veins, Billy wishes he could bite into it.

Instead he pushes back, meets Steve and his mean thrusts as they come. Slapping against him so deep, so loud, it's ruining the quiet nature noises of the hiking trail around them. It makes Billy's whole body quiver. It makes his tongue lull out the side of his mouth and his lips start drooling.

"Fuck yeah, Harrington, just like that," Billy babbled.

Steve was plastered onto Billy's back. The fresh after the rains smell of the woods around them had nothing on the sweat coming off Steve's forehead as it dripped down on Billy's skin. His breath hot and heavy right on his throat. Mounting him wild and ravenous, feral in all the very best ways.

Steve opened his mouth to suck down some air, and Billy felt that too. Felt how it turned the spit on his throat cold. Broken open like a fresh leaf crushed under a hiking boot. Under Steve's preppy too expensive hiking boots.

"Come on, keep— ahh, I'm so close!" Billy kept gasping out. His voice wreckage of shattered glass.

Broken bones and torn skin stitched back together. Pieces of metal in his ribs used to rebuild him.

His heart under it all felt quicker than it ever has. Even before the 4th of July.

"Come on, Harrington," Billy let each thrust take more words from his throat. As they turned to deep punches as he could feel Steve getting harder, about ready to come inside him.

"Harrington, Harrington, Harrington..."

"Harrington!" He growled out with all the strength Hawkins' best physical therapy could grow back inside of him.

Steve burrows his cock as deep as he can get inside of Billy, one last mean thrust that Billy's gonna feel for a while.

He burrows up to the root of that thick black pubic hair.

And then, by some grace of god. By some kind of mind reading magic. Steve drops his perfect pair of lips down on the nape of Billy's neck and takes a fucking bite.

Grabs with those perfect teeth as much skin as he can. Groans around the mouthful of it in a feral sort of way: "Shut up!"

And Billy cums. Untouched, his cock useless against the overturned log they've made a bed. Pumping by itself long lines of cum all over the green and brown wood. Making it more wet, making it marked.

Billy's arms hurt from lifting himself up to raise the weight of Steve on his neck, but he isn't about to let down. He gathers up a couple shaky gasps. Sucking down air that smells like mold, sweat, and cum. But stays up on his arms so that Steve, who's still clinging to his hips so desperately, can finish inside his ass. Can shiver with his own release.

Can keep his teeth locked into the back of Billy's neck for as long as he'd allow.

Billy went ahead and closed his eyes from it. Savoring the feeling of being claimed, marked up. Of being wanted. Even after all that's happened. All that's changed on his body. Somehow, he's still so animalistically wanted.

It settles something back into the broken parts of Billy. Something that had been knocked out of place. A light behind a shade, that once

was crooked. Now it warms the inside of his skin again. Makes him shimmer with it.

Steve's mouth draws back from his bite, and his hands turn soft on Billy's hips. His fingers start brushing against the already forming marks, like soft petting on an accidental bruise.

Those perfect lips pause between tired, gasping breaths to lay a sloppy kiss against the nape of Billy's neck.

"Billy," he moans out. His voice as lovely sounding as it feels.

Then, he's backing up on shaky legs. And pulling his spent cock out from Billy's puffy hole. Leaving it dripping with the lube he was so correct in forcing Billy to use. Steve pauses just hovered over Billy's laying prone form on the log for a second or two, before those deer legs gracefully fold into the ground below.

Billy jerks quickly over his shoulder. Making sure the guy didn't pass out after fucking him too hard. But just as quickly, Steve's head comes back up. His hair fluffy, and messy, and a wide smile on his face.

Grinning so wide it makes his eyes smaller with the force of it.

Now that, that, really sets something glowing inside of Billy's chest.

"Holy shit, Hargrove," Steve laughs right next to him. Billy can smell his beneath. Can hear how his chest is heaving with it. "How'd you know that's just what I needed?"

Billy closed his mouth with a click. Trying to will away the blushing he knows is spawning from his bite mark all the way to his cheeks.

He simply shrugs. And Steve laughs some more. Giggles even, a light and fluttery thing. It matches the simple sounds of the woods around them. The wind in the trees, the birds still making too much noise. Billy's never really wanted to hear laughter like that in his ear. Especially right after busting a nut. But he's realizing now how much he loves it. How much he totally craves it.

Steve's giggle floats away. Up into the trees. And then he's all wide

doe brown eyes looking up from the grass at Billy.

“So, since we did that... do you want to?” Steve started with a cute voice, leaning closer. “Yeah?” He asked when Billy didn’t pull away.

And Billy didn’t pull away, even as Steve’s lips came closer. They were swollen and red, so kissable and plump. Billy knew he was looking at them like he was the deer caught in headlights, and not Steve.

He looked until Steve got so close Billy went cross eyed with it. His vision getting blurry as he could only focus on Steve’s pink flushed face.

“You okay, Billy?” Steve whispered, lips brushing against Billy’s own. They were so, so close.

Gulping down nervously, Billy parted his lips. Moving them cautiously as he whispered back, “yeah, Steve. I’m okay.”

Then Steve closed the space between them, claiming Billy’s mouth in a gentle kiss. Tilting his head so they slotted perfect together. Like they were made for each other. Like the only thing that existed in the whole world was Steve’s blood red overworked bruised lips against his own.

And, for the first time since the 4th of July. Billy felt okay.